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and until towards the end of the second act our interest is but little excited. Added to this, although abounding in many fine passages, it is not so well written as the generality of the author's productions, and were it not for the introduction of the telegraph scene, would stand but small chance of being successful.

Mr. Wheatleigh makes but little of the strongly drawn character of Noah Learoyd, in which he is offered opportunities for a display of fine acting which he most culpably neglects, making the part weak and characterless, and utterly failing in his conception of what, as written, might be made one of the strongest characters on the modern stage. Mr. Wheatleigh is an actor of undoubted ability, and has done many good things e'er this, but of late years his acting seems to have deteriorated, and he is gradually sinking down into an actor of but mediocre power; there is much sameness in his acting, and his studied straining after effect is at times almost painful. I do not write this in any feeling of unfriendliness, but Mr. Wheatleigh is an actor who is capable of much better things, and could he but be aroused from his present lethargic state is still capable of doing good work.

Mr. Vandenhoff's Jem Starkie is the best piece of acting that gentleman has yet given us and promises well for his future excellence. His Jem Starkie is thoroughly good in every particular.

Mr. McKee Rankin, as Johnny Reilly, the part originally played by Bourcicault, is also good, giving as that *lusus nature* of dramatic representation, an Irishman free from exaggeration or caricature.

But the bright particular star of the whole performance is Mr. Stoddard, whose personation of the uncouth, yet kind hearted, solicitor Money-penny, is simply perfect, and, on the first night, drew forth, from a not over enthusiastic audience, unbounded applause and approbation. There is a certain truthfulness and fidelity to nature in the performance which is perfectly delicious.

Miss Kate Newton, too, as Jane Learoyd, elicited much applause for her able and pathetic rendering of that part, and, with Mr. Stoddard, added much to the success of the play. Miss Newton is making marked improvement daily, and will e'er long take a high position among the actresses of the day. She is evidently a close student, while there is a laudable desire to improve evinced in all her acting, and my word for it, if she but continues in her present course she will gain for herself an enviable reputation among our New York actresses.

SHUGGE.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This justly distinguished vocalist and thorough musician has, we rejoice to learn, recently experienced smiles from rugged fortune, which in wrecking a German bark, apparently ruined all those fair prospects for a last successful campaign, that California and Honolulu so grandly cheered her with. At Manilla, a city which has many tasteful and very appreciative musical residents of all nationalities, she gave during August four concerts, and realized from those four evidences of her admirable skill, two thousand five hundred dollars in gold currency, as net profit. Thus encouraged to re-

newed effort for retrieval of ill fortune and the chicanery of parties who received her once large fortune in trust, her buoyant and undaunted spirit revived in such full vigor that she at once started on a concert tour, comprising India's great towns, Egypt's large cities, and some other incidental or trifling concertizing operations, before revisiting her native land and possibly New York.

We trust in her wonderful energy and remarkable talent for like favorable results during her grand musical progress through many lands, with those recorded in Manilla's highest musical recollections, and when her noble efforts to overcome adverse fortune shall have been crowned with success, to greet once more in a New York concert hall, one of the very best musical artists known to our experience.

(From the Evening Bulletin.)

MADAME VARIAN HOFFMAN'S CONCERT IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Madame Varian Hoffman received a hearty welcome last evening, from a decidedly fashionable audience, and in no one of her numerous concerts in Providence, do we think she has sung better than she did on this occasion. She was in excellent voice, and it is hardly necessary to say, in view of her well known great artistic abilities, that her rendition of the several beautiful pieces she had selected for the evening, was most charming. We have heard quite a number of distinguished *prime donne* of the Italian opera sing that glorious aria from La Sonnambula, "Ah! non giunge uman pensiero," but we cannot say that we have heard it better done than it was last evening by Madame Hoffman. She was rapturously applauded. Mr. Thomas, also, fully sustained his high reputation as a vocalist, and sang finely in this concert.

As regards Pozzanski, we feel fully prepared to say that no greater violinist than he has ever been heard here—and about all the great ones have, from first to last, been here. His tone is wonderfully pure, beautiful and firm, his whole handling of the instrument that of a great master, and there is an intensity of art devotion in his playing—an absorption of his whole mind and soul in the work—which is most interesting, and which we think we have never seen in any other, in the same degree. Nothing in the way of violin playing here, we are confident, has ever exceeded the nicety, beauty, and impressiveness of his several performances. His instrument, too, is a really superb one.

Our young townsman, Mr. Frank Tingley, played his pianoforte selections,—a "Grand Etude de Concert," by Mayer, and "Impromptu, Op. 20," by Chopin,—in a manner at once most accurate and elegant. He has before played well in public concerts, but never before we think as on this occasion. He was recalled with the greatest applause by the audience, and responded with another fine piece which we have repeatedly heard, but the name of which we cannot at this moment remember. Very rarely has a concert been given here so free from faults as was this. It was a musical entertainment in which it would be difficult to pick flaws.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and John Parry recommenced in Regent street, London, their pleasing operatic entertainments and please hugely with "Our Yachting Cruise," and Parry's "Domestic Scene."

ART MATTERS.

Constant Mayer has just returned from Europe, where he has been spending the summer, and finds awaiting him several commissions for portraits from the city government, including those of ex-mayor Opdyke, Mayor Hoffman, and other celebrities. These will keep him pretty busily engaged during the coming winter, and I fear will allow but little time for the completion of his fine picture "The Convalescent," still in a very unfinished condition. This promises to be one of Mr. Mayer's finest and most successful works, imbued as it is with a tender feeling of sentiment which appeals directly to the heart, surpassing thereby the other productions of his pencil, which touched our nationality rather than the purer and tenderer emotions.

"The Convalescent" represents a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, who is evidently just recovering from a long and serious illness, and is sitting on a piazza, which looks forth upon a landscape of more than ordinary beauty, breathing once more the pure, fresh air of Heaven, while by her side stands another female figure, evidently her sister, who is gazing on the convalescent with an expression of tenderness and love. The two figures are admirably drawn, and the expression on the face of each exquisitely conveyed, while the whole picture breathes an atmosphere of poetry and love. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mayer's other labors will not prevent him from finishing this truly exquisite picture in time for the Spring exhibition of the National Academy.

Mr. Mayer's return has inspired several knights of the quill to the inditing of welcomes; here is a very clever and ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, by Morris Philips, Esq., of the Home Journal.

TO CONSTANT MAYER, RETURNED FROM EUROPE.

Mon Constant, you are very welcome back
To artist and to personal position;
For in them both, that you had left a lack,
We in your absence made due "Recognition."

It may have been, and so no doubt it was;
Something akin to tender-hearted folly,—
But we imbibed, your run-away the cause,
A transient fever, light "Love's Melancholy."

We did not grieve as those without a hope;
We knew the duties calling to your station;
And waiting your return, we, in that scope,
Found something very like a "Cousolation."

Now you are back again, and gentle tints
Dashed on the canvas will attest your presence;
And we, who grieved your parting not long since,
After a time will find our "Convalescence."

A. Lawrie has some clever pencil sketches, taken in the Adirondack region, there is too much crudeness and elaboration of detail, however, in Mr. Lawrie's style at present to make it a pleasant one, hence, although he works with great care and fidelity, the result of his labors is, for the most part, unsatisfactory.

H. Fuechsel has some excellent sketches from Western Pennsylvania.

Whittredge has been spending the Summer amid the Rocky Mountains, and brings back with him many fine sketches of that almost unknown, to artists, region. The scenery of the Rocky Mountains is full of great beauty, in addition to

which there is a certain novelty about it which renders Mr. Whittredge's sketches particularly interesting; besides this, he has worked well and conscientiously, and brings back with him many sketches which, to the common eye, would appear tame and uninteresting, but which, to the initiated, are motives for fine and telling pictures. Here is a mistake which too many of our artists are apt to make: they consider that to make a perfect picture they must have the traditional mountain distance, middle distance, and a foreground replete with rocks, flowers, shrubbery and trees, whereas, in nine cases out of ten, the most telling subjects may be made from the simplest and most uncouth material. Take for instance Mr. Whittredge's "View on the Plains," which is to be exhibited at the Fund exhibition, and we find this truth fully exemplified. The picture represents one flat surface, the Plains, while in the distance, or more properly middle distance, a row of hillocks stretch across the canvass, and loom up against a sky replete with cool, pearly greys; the only object of interest introduced is an emigrant train, whose white wagon tops dot the plains, and relieve the monotony of color. This, you will set down in your mind, is a most uninteresting picture; not so: its very simplicity, and to use an Irishism, want of interest make it interesting: it is novel—something out of the common run—and we are struck as well by its originality as the superior excellence of its execution. Mr. Whittredge has treated his subject well, and by his clever handling, has made, from very slight material, a thoroughly excellent and praiseworthy picture. I shall have occasion to speak of this work again in reviewing the pictures of the Artist Fund Society's Exhibition.

J. F. Weir has just finished a study of the Foreman of an Iron Foundry, which is brimful of strength and character, and does great credit to this rising young artist.

Gignoux has on his easel an exquisite picture which he entitles "First Snow." Mr. Gignoux has taken for his subject that glorious season of the year when nature is decked in her brightest and gayest attire—a snow storm has covered the Autumn landscape with its bright crystallizations, and here and there bright patches of gold and crimson peep out from amid the wilderness of white, while over all the setting-sun casts a glorious radiance. Mr. Gignoux's picture is well conceived and well executed, being full of numberless beauties and excellences.

Theo. Kaufman has just finished a very clever portrait of General Sherman. The General is discovered, in shirt sleeves, sitting by a camp-fire and enjoying the sweet fragrance of his cigar, while in the background are to be seen numberless tents, between which we catch glimpses of the landscape beyond. The figure of the General, in addition to being a good portrait, is well painted, the effect of fire and moonlight being particularly admirable, but beyond this the picture calls for but little praise, the landscape being hard and crude, while the arrangement of the tents is unnecessarily stiff and ungraceful.

I cannot refrain, e'er I close, from mentioning an excellent portrait by Geo. A. Baker on exhibition at Avery's Gallery; it is strongly and beautifully painted, while the coloring is simply ex-

quisite. Mr. Baker's *forte*, heretofore, has been the painting of female heads, but in this he shows us that he is equally capable of seizing the masculine character.

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN." By E. P. WHIPPLE. Published by Ticknor & Fields.

This is a series of lectures and addresses delivered at various periods of the author's life, mainly with the view to illustrate the nature, growth and influence of character, individual, collective and national. Hence we have the distinctive characteristics of the American and English mind; the eccentric, the intellectual, and the heroic character, to portray the collective form, and an able analysis of the characters of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Everett, Washington, and Agassiz, as individual portraits. Mr. Whipple is a writer of close observation, acute perception, and bold expression. No writer of ordinary capacity or of feeble and hesitating character would have ventured to have written the trenchant, incisive exposition of national foibles and national virtues, as exhibited in his dissertation on American character, and the same fearlessness exhibits itself in all the other expositions of character treated of in this volume. It should find a place in the library of every thinking American.

"THE PICTURE OF SAINT JOHN." By BAYARD TAYLOR. Published by Ticknor & Fields.

Mr. Taylor is undoubtedly a poet—not a great one perhaps, but still a poet—and "The Picture of Saint John" is one of his best works. The story is strong and dramatic, and moreover well and tersely told, while some of the ideas and descriptive positions are perfect gems in their way. Here is an exquisite specimen:

More slowly rolled the silver disk above
The hiding hills, than ever moon came up:
The sky's begemmed and sapphire-tinted cup
Spilled o'er its dew, and Heaven in nuptial love
Stretched forth his mystic arms, and couched
beside
The yearning Earth, his dusky-featured bride:
The pulses of the Night began to move,
And Life's eternal secret ruled the tide.

Mr. Taylor is a true admirer of nature, and looking on her with an artist's eye, has all an artist's love for her many beauties. What can be more beautiful than this:

Under the forest's sombre leaves there slept
No darkness, but a balsam-breathing shade,
Rained through with light: the hurrying waters
made
Music amid the solitude, and swept
Their noise of liquid laughter from afar,
Through smells of sprouting leat and trampled
grass,
And thousand tints of flowery bell and star,
To sing the year's one idyl ere it pass!

Here is a truly poetic idea:

The House of Life hath many chambers. He
Who deems his mansion built, a dreamer vain,
A tottering shell inhabits, and shall see
The ruthless years hurl down his masonry;
While those who plan but as they slowly gain,
Where that which was gives that which is to be
Its form and symbols, build the house divine,—
In life a temple, and in death a shrine!

We could go on multiplying selections *ad infinitum*, but the above are sufficient to show that Mr. Taylor's book is composed of right material and has the true poetic ring. In some passages of the work we are disappointed, but the general impression after a perusal of its pages is one of great satisfaction, and Mr. Taylor can rest content in having written a poem far above the general average of poetry of the present day.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

[From "Le Menestrel" of Paris, we translate the following elaborate description of the new grand Opera of Paris, or "L'Academie Impériale."]

On a vast piece of ground in the shape of a lozenge, 560 feet long by 488 feet wide, in the centre of a large square formed by the Boulevard des Italiens, and Rue Scribe, Rue Auber and Rue Rossini, stands the new opera House, the building of which commenced some years since.

This magnificent structure is composed,

1st. Of an immense portico.

2nd. Service of the Vestibule or Lobby.

3d. Service of the Stairs.

4th. Service of the great and the little *foyers* or green-rooms.

5th. Service of the Theatrical Hall.

6th. Service of the Stage.

7th. Service of two lateral pavilions, one of which is designed for the service of the Emperor and the other to the café-restaurant and the admission of carriages.

On the principal *façade*, the portico develops itself. It is an open-work and will be shut at night by iron-railings. From the *rez-de-chaussée* one may count up seven arcades.

On each side of the principal *façade* and projecting on the lateral *façades*, are two pavilions before which will be seen two groups of statues, elevated on magnificent stone pedestals. In the *pienroit* or pier of each arcade, statues will also be erected, and, above, some medallions cut in the stone itself.

On the story of the principal *façade*, the portico is composed of seven large balustrades or *travées*, ornamented by double columns which are richly sculptured; between each column, are seven bays which give light to a large open gallery or *loggia*, situated behind.

Above each bay are "vells-dè-boeuf," in the middle of which will be put up the busts, in gilded bronze of the principal composers of music who have illustrated the French lyric stage.

Above the gallery or *loggia*, the entablature will be developed; then a story *en attique*, with basso-relievo and groups of statues will ornament the *piedroit* of the columns.

The two pavilions projecting on the principal *façade* will be surmounted by two circular *portons*, the tympanons of which shall receive sculptured basso-relievos.

On the lateral *façades* of the building, at the *rez-de-chaussée*, the arcades continue on a sub-basement in stone. On the first story, each of these *façades* are pierced with eighteen bays, surmounted with medallions, sculptured and ornamented with columns.

At the *rez-de-chaussée*, when coming by the Boulevard des Italiens, is found a large gallery,